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Everything IN THE DRUG LINE At A. J. Arnold & Son's, NORTH TOPEKA.

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You can save money by purchasing W. L. Douglas shoes. Because we are the largest manufacturers of advertised shoes in the world, and guarantee the value by stamping the name and price on the bottom, which protects you against high prices and the middleman's profits. Our shoes equal custom work in style, easy fitting and wearing qualities. We have them for every where at lower prices for the value given than any other make. Take no substitute. If your dealer cannot supply you, we will. Sold by C. NATTESON, 219 Kansas Ave. J. W. WATTS, 503 Kansas Ave. LUCKHART & FERNSTROM, 818 Kansas Ave., NORTH TOPEKA.

Complexion Preserved DR. HERRA'S VIOLA CREAM

Removes Freckles, Pimples, Liver - Spots, Blackheads, Swellings, and all other skin troubles. It restores the skin to its original condition, producing a clear, cool, healthy complexion. Superior to all other preparations and perfectly harmless. At all drug stores, or mailed for \$1.00. Sold by G. C. RITTNER & CO., TOLEDO, O.

St. Denis Hotel, BROADWAY AND ELEVENTH ST., (Opposite Grace Church), NEW YORK.

ROOMS \$1.00 PER DAY AND UPWARD.

The most centrally located hotel in the city, conducted on the European plan, at moderate prices. Recently enlarged by a new and handsome addition, that doubles its former capacity. The new dining room is one of the finest ever seen in a hotel. In this connection with the hotel is a large and comfortable bath.

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CUSHMAN'S MENTHOLINHALER

HEADACHE NEURALGIA

For neuralgia, toothache, headache, etc., it is the best remedy. It is a powerful stimulant and antispasmodic. It is sold by all druggists.

UNION PACIFIC ROUTE.

DOLLARS 15 DOLLARS To Denver and return, Colorado Springs and return, Pueblo and return, Via the Union Pacific.

Tickets on sale August 10th and 11th. Account League of American Wheelmen meeting.

For further particulars call on A. M. Fuller, Agt., U. P. Sta.

The State Journal's Want and Miscellaneous columns reach each working day in the week more than twice as many Topeka people as can be reached through any other paper. This is a fact.

All ladies are invited to call and see the majestic steel range in operation, at W. A. L. Thompson's Hardware Co.

The Daily State Journal prints all the news.

The Mammoth Stock of goods at Althen & McManus' must be reduced. They will go at prices to please the public.

Call for Cubed Cough Cure and insist upon having nothing else. 25 and 50 cent bottles. Try it and if it is not as we say—the best remedy of the kind in the world—we ask you to condemn it to all your friends.

Sold by Rowley Bros.

Webb & Harris, druggists, Bennett's Place The Topeka Drug Co. in opera house.

PRAIRIE CHILDREN.

That is the Duet of Lullaby Land. Lying asleep on the velvet sward; That is an image of peace and rest, Typical emblem of rest and contentment, Typical emblem of love and joy.

That is her brother asleep at her side— He is a duke, and his little red head Grapples the air, and the girl that is tied Into the coils of her hair, the girl that is loved, the girl of Lullaby Land.

Fishes come out of the water and walk; Chipmunks play on the grass in Lullaby Land; Rabbits rise up on the prairie and talk; Goats go forward and giggle and peep— Everything chatters, and all understand.

After awhile he will sail on the sea— Little red duke, on the prairie sward; Lying the about and the shell, he shall be Actual, floating for you and for me Flying the flag 'er the dangerous deep.

Down at the Lido, where billows are blue, Back through the vineyards to Florence and Rome.

That is our duchess whom both of us know; That is her hand, so tender and true, Taking her far from her babyhood home.

Children at play on the prairie to-day, Gratefully to-morrow will see the race, Trusting the future who promise to-day, That the support will work out a way— Fortune and fame are not matters of place, —McClure's Magazine.

CURED OF BORROWING

There was a meeting of the Grange. The farmers came in one after another, and soon the little schoolhouse was filled with an anxious, happy assembly.

Jonathan Fuller, the chairman, rapped for order and called the roll. Every man answered to his name, with the exception of Mr. Haynes. Mr. Fuller announced, at the conclusion of the preliminary business that there was no particular theme for discussion and moved that John Bangs make remarks upon any subject he might choose. The whole meeting seconded the motion with a roar.

Mr. Bangs arose and looked at the cobweb in the corner of the room as if he thought the e was an inspiration in its dusty drapery. He then glanced at the door and said he believed he had nothing to say. The crowd stamped and yelled, and amid the discord could be heard cries of "Go on." "You must say something, Bangs," "Hurray for Bangs," and so forth, all of which quite took the old farmer by surprise, and before he knew it he was standing on a balancing himself against the desk. The uproar ceased and Bangs cleared his throat.

"Well, I'm not that sort of citizen as wants to make his feelings known each other, but when I see a screw loose I want to take a screw driver and tighten it. The audience tittered and stamped. Bangs fixed his eyes on the cobweb, then glanced at the chairman, who acted as if he had been set off, and turned his eyes from the speaker to a crack in the ceiling. Now it is a good thing to have a Grange. It is a useful thing to have it made strong. In fact, it is the best screw-driver we ever had, and I had thought, perhaps, you would like to read the news."

"But I've got a copy already. Bill Boynton brought me over one not long ago."

"Oh, that doesn't matter! You can read one while the woman is reading the other. I must go. Good-by!"

"Good-by," returned Caleb.

The coffee-grinder and newspaper sat Mrs. Haynes to thinking. How these two articles should have happened to have been duplicated the same day was a mystery she couldn't seem to make out.

Mr. Haynes was thoughtful, also, and he hit the borrowed horse to the borrowed double-shoveled plow in a manner that would lead any bystander to think that Caleb had committed some act of which he was deeply ashamed. He worked hard and ate but little dinner. The officiousness of his neighbors troubled him more than the probability of a short crop of corn. When the sun set Caleb ceased work and wearily started for home.

"Well," said he, coming into the back door, "has anybody else been over to loan us a paper?"

"Caleb, you're a fool!"

The farmer's hands dropped to his lap as if they had received an electric shock, and he gazed at his wife in mute astonishment.

"Yes, Caleb, you're a fool. I am a fool, and anybody that borrows is a fool! Do you hear?"

"I hear, but what has come across you so suddenly?"

"I don't think it has come so suddenly. If we had not been fools we'd seen it before this."

"Say, Susan, I wish you'd explain your nonsense, and stop acting so much like a fool. I'm hungry."

The most sensitive point of Caleb's feelings was touched, and he arose from his chair and walked the room impatiently.

"I'll give you to understand," said his wife, "that you shan't have a mouthful till I have had my say."

"Well, hurry up," said Caleb.

"All right. In the first place, neither you nor I were at the meeting last night, were we?"

"No."

"Well, now, to come down to business, I know very well they talked about us and our habit of borrowing."

"Don't believe it."

"I do. I know it. I've been thinking about it all this afternoon. How could it happen that they'd bring us so many things the same day? And think of it—two coffee-grinders and two newspapers?"

"Susan, I begin to believe you."

"You'd better. It's just as plain as beads on a string."

"What can we do?"

"Do? Why, take everything back as soon as you get through supper."

"But don't we need the things?"

"What of it? Take them all back, and say we can buy our own things."

"But, Susan, it will cost a good deal."

"Can't help it. We must act independent. We'll buy our own things after this."

"Why, of course we can, and if we

can't, we can go without," said Caleb, brightening.

"That's right. I'll pound up the coffee with a hammer before I borrow another grinder."

A new feeling came over Mr. Haynes. His manhood seemed to have returned, and his heart seemed to be lightened of a heavy load.

After supper he hitched his old mare to his wagon and started on his journey to return everything that was brought to his home in the morning. Harry, the oldest son, rode the borrowed bay.

The neighbors were dumfounded. There was not one member who thought the trick would be found out before a week. No one had an opportunity to question him. He merely announced that he had come to return the articles borrowed, and that he hoped to never get in the miserable habit again.

It was 9 o'clock before he returned home, and by the time the chores were finished the clock struck 10. The next morning was a bright one, and Caleb declared he felt better than he had for many months.

"It seems so much better to use your own things," he remarked.

"You are right," assented his wife.

By the time the month had passed Mr. Haynes had bought another horse, subscribed for the weekly paper, and furnished the house and farm with the necessary implements and conveniences.

At the next Grange meeting Mr. and Mrs. Haynes answered promptly when Jonathan Fuller came to their names on the roll, and when there was order and quiet Caleb arose and said he would like to say a few words. The whole audience was silent. They seemed to think they were in the presence of a man whom they had injured.

"Ladies and gentlemen," began Caleb, his voice coming with an effort. "I was not present at the last meeting, and I am glad of it. You have done a great good. I don't want anybody to feel bad because he might have talked about me behind my back. I am cured of the miserable, beggarly habit of borrowing; and that is enough. I move to speak upon another subject."

At the conclusion of this brief speech, which was uttered with a great deal of feeling, Mr. Boynton stepped forward and pressed Caleb's hands. Every one in the room followed the example of the agile old man, and Haynes felt that he was honored beyond his merits.

At the end of one unusual performance some one suggested that singing should be the next thing in order. Not an objection was offered, so Jonathan Fuller hunted around for a while for his tuning fork and started. "There is Rest for the Weary," in as high a key as he could maintain without rupturing his windpipe.

To be sure some said "we-ary" and others led melodious sounds through their noses, but their hearts were enraptured, and their souls aspiring above the sordid earth. Even the little black spider came out of his dark chamber with three other little spiders and listened intently to the music, and did not seem half so disgusted as during the last meeting, when they raised such a dust—Waverly Magazine.

MODERN AMERICAN NEWSPAPER

It May Have Faults, but It Is a Powerful Influence for Good.

The development of the newspaper has been something phenomenal. The whole number is nearly 19,000, about one in ten published every day. They have many faults, has the newspaper—which is only the history of each day written in one its close—must have. The faults are, perhaps, somewhat exaggerated with us, owing to the wider range of news topics. Their sensationalism, scurrillousness, and dogmatism produce something of mental dissipation in cases of over-indulgence. But the majority of newspapers everywhere and of every grade, are conducted with honesty and conscience by men who have learned both what the public wants and in what they can hope to lead it.

The influence of this history of a day—read by millions of people—is incalculable, and, in general, it is good. It leads many persons further into the study of some questions about which they had received a hint or a scrap of information. Nowhere is this great engine of modern civilization better used and appreciated than with us. In addition to the news it pours into its columns day by day, it publishes every year thousands of articles on the most important and interesting topics. Nowhere is it thoroughly encyclopedic. It was once the fashion to insist upon the truth of Pope's line, "a little learning is a dangerous thing," but the field of knowledge has become so vast that we must recognize the limitations of time and insist that if a little be a danger none at all is fatal.

Our newspapers give thousands of persons first a faint idea of the existence of something before unknown, then a little insight, and, last of all, the thirst that can only be quenched by deep draughts at the fountain of knowledge. It accounted millions who otherwise would neither learn nor have the desire to learn.

DEFRAUDED.

A short story, but very much to the point, is told of John Allen, an English clergyman. He had heard that a brother minister kept his congregation waiting, and kindly re-monstrated with him.

"It was only ten minutes," said the offender, apologetically.

"How many people had you in church?" asked Mr. Allen.

"About 300."

"Thee hundred? Well, then, you wasted 3,000 minutes!"

thought I would stop and loan you a few things."

"How clever you are," said Mrs. Haynes.

"Here is some sugar and nutmegs my wife put in, and a bottle of vinegar."

"How thoughtful she is. Why, I was just coming over after those things, for we want a dumpling, and we can't eat lettuce without vinegar, you know."

"Of course not," observed Mr. Fuller. "And there is a spoon of thread; she said she thought you were out."

"Yes, I am. Now I can finish Bobby's pants."

Mr. Haynes smiled and remarked that Mrs. Fuller would have a bright spot in Heaven. Mr. Fuller drove on and wondered what sort of a nook Mrs. Haynes would have in the same place.

William Boynton was none the slower for his gray hairs. He rushed into the yard like an antelope.

"Why, what's the matter?" asked Caleb.

"The fact is," said the old man, "I'm in a sort of a hurry, and I thought I might as well be a little lively. Here is a string of dried apples my wife thought you would like to try, and I thought I'd save you the trouble of coming after the weekly paper. There is a good deal of news in it. And here is a scythe to cut your grass. Good day."

Boynton was off as quick as the came, and had not got ten steps before young Robert Danvers came riding down the road on a gallop and leading another horse. Caleb handed the string of dried apples to his wife, and went to the gate to see what was wanted.

"I sent me down with the bay mare, Mr. Haynes," said Danvers. "He said he knew you didn't like to borrow, but he thought you needed a horse for a while."

Before Caleb could utter a word the young man had galloped away.

Caleb led the animal to the barn, and then walked slowly to the house.

"Tell you what it is," said he to his wife, "I'm growing 'spicious."

"Of what?" she said.

"Of the neighbors. I can't tell what the matter with them; they're getting too good, besides."

He was interrupted by Ben Topham yelling at him from the front gate. Caleb left his wife and asked his friend what was up.

"I'm going to town to see to some business. My wife told me to be sure and call at your house as I came along, for she wanted your woman to try our new coffee grinder."

"We've already borrowed one this morning," said Caleb, with a puzzled face.

"That won't make any difference. You can use both. Let me see. Oh, yes! here is the weekly paper. I thought, perhaps, you would like to read the news."

"But I've got a copy already. Bill Boynton brought me over one not long ago."

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"There is a Salve for every wound." We refer to De Witt's Witch Hazel Salve, cures burns, bruises, cuts, indolent sores, as a local application in the nostrils it cures catarrh, and always cures piles. J. K. Jones.

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A satisfied customer is a permanent one. That's why we recommend De Witt's Early Risers. They cure constipation, indigestion and biliousness. J. K. Jones.

Are You Troubled With Constipation or Sick Headache? If so, why not try Begg's Little Giant Pills? It only takes one pill a day; forty pills in a bottle. One bottle will cure you, and only costs 25 cents. Sold and warranted by W. R. Kennedy.

We put on new neckbands on shirts. Peerless Steam Laundry, 113 and 114 West Eighth street.

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BIRNEY'S Catarrh Powder

Relieves Catarrh and Cures in the Most Instantly by One Application. Cures Head Noises & DREAMS. 125 West 10th Street, Topeka, Kas. Sold by druggists, etc.

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First-class Livery. Boarders a specialty. Telephone 48. J. C. GILCHRIST, Prop. 206 Jackson Street.

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